[The following famous obituary from the September 1993 RESISTANCE is reproduced by special request of a comrade from Australia.]

SAY GOOD NIGHT, HOT SHOT! SAYONARA TO A SODOMITE

"...Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it..."
-Macbeth, Act I, Scene 4

Benny Klassen is dead, and it's a Whiter and Brighter world without him.

The founder of the "Church of the Creator" sodomy cult, the man whose deviate sexual lifestyle was so notorious that American Skinheads nicknamed him "Old Benny Buttfuck", the self-proclaimed greatest Aryan genius who ever lived---most likely a rabbi's son from Vilna---came crawling back to his cult's ashram in Otto, North Carolina in the last week of July. Over a year ago he had fled into hiding, in fear of prosecution for a cult-related killing in Florida.

In the early morning hours of August 7th, Klassen swallowed the contents of four bottles of sleeping pills. The Macon County sheriff reports that the quondam Maximum Pontoon left a rambling and incoherent suicide note on a yellow legal pad by his bedside. Considering Klassen's wonted verbosity, the sheriff was lucky he didn't decide to turn it into another lengthy, excruciatingly boring book. One account states that Klassen changed his mind after he had taken the pills and crawled into the bathroom trying to make himself vomit, and was subsequently found dead with his head stuck in the toilet. If so, there is something very Zen about his death.

For twenty years, Benny Klassen performed one gigantic act of psychological and political sodomy on us all. He never had any real religious or political message. It was all a gull, warmed-over classical anti-clericalism framed in the manner of Talmudic responsa, mixed with crude race-baiting and pseudo-scholarship, garnished with soft-core pornography and served up on a bed of crap. To paraphrase Mark Twain, Klassen's works are both good and original, but the parts that are good are not original and the parts that are original are not good.

Yet the turgid gibberish in his interminable books was reverenced as inspired wisdom; the most arrant nonsense in his so-called theology was seriously debated; and flaming bird-brained idiots that we are, all but a few of us accepted the liver-lipped old baboon at his own estimation of himself. The reason is simple and shameful: money. Klassen was a millionaire, and with pitifully few exceptions Movement people and Movement leaders in particular genuflect in the presence of wealth. Our public spokesmen and most prominent personalities are largely self-seeking, venal frauds who are incapable of

distinguishing between the cool riffle of a roll of hundred-dollar bills and the Voice of God.

And so we tolerated among us a Moloch who devoured our children. The roster of Klassen's victims is a long one. COTC business manager Barry Edwards, bound and gagged and shot to death in the trunk of his car in 1978. Harry Kelly, dead of a mysterious heroin injection in July of 1989. Dennis Witherspoon, one of the first of Klassen's sexual victims to speak out, kidnapped and murdered in October of 1990. Steve Martell, a suicide in August of 1991 after being inveigled into a homosexual liason with COTC "minister" Jerry Michael Pace. South Africans Jurgen White and Jurgen Grobbelaar, killed in a shootout with police. Skinhead Brian Kozel, murdered in a gang fight with Mexicans. Matt Hayhow, doing 40 years in Federal prison for a Klassen-inspired bank robbery. George David Loeb, doing 25 to life because Klassen sheltered and paid the main prosecution witness aganst him. The eight victims in Los Angeles framed by FBI informer and COTC "minister" Joe Allen. Chip Myers and Eddie Dagler, who blew the whistle on Klassen's sexual peccadilloes and were betrayed by a prominent Movement writer and video producer whom they trusted for the sum of $1,000 apiece, to be beaten and vandalized by the cultists. The list goes on and on.

Given the general depravity of our so-called leaders, I can understand why many of them kept their lips firmly pressed against Klassen's withered buttocks in hope of catching some of the dribble from his overflowing bank accounts. But you'd think they might at least have managed a mumble or two of protest when the vile monster started killing kids.

Enough. The already depleted remnants of his cult are collapsing like a house of cards even as I write. Let it perish along with he who gave it life. This has not been an edifying chapter in our people's chronicles, but good can yet come of it if we will demonstrate that at long last we are capable of learning from our past mistakes. We sank low during the Klassen years. Now let us see how high we can rise.

-Harold A. Covington